

THE STORY OF OUR LIVES FROM YEAR TO YEAR

ALL THE YEAR ROUND

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THE DOCTOR'S MIXTURE.

BOOK II.

CHAPTER IX. A COMBAT.

THE Doctor scarcely spoke during the drive home, except that at times muttered ejaculations of future purpose would escape him. Once arrived, he withdrew into his study, either to mature his plans, or brood over the insult his house had received. Polly, flushed with triumph at her own private successes, and at some outrageous compliments that had been paid her by some daring military men, could only think of Polly; and Katey, always gentle and self-sacrificing, had to listen to the history of the night's triumphs, and to furnish an artificial sympathy, and those stimulating questions of interest, which were necessary to send Polly to bed happy. Then she was left alone to think over the situation.

As there came back on her the indignity she and her family had suffered, her indignation kindled. She hardly knew enough of the world to enter into the bitter distinctions of caste, and to understand how the violation of such by those who are lower, is a more heinous offence against morality than many of the serious offences which the law punishes heavily. She did not dream that there were fine ladies who would have had her whipped at the cart's tail, did such a punishment still exist, and who could only imagine that such an attempt as hers was the result of organised wickedness and presumption. These harsh views she had never known before, and she hardly felt them now. As she stood at the window looking out at the night, she asked herself, wondering what she had done, what was the meaning of all this, and was

only roused from her reverie by a figure coming up the little garden-walk.

She almost blushed as she recognised the face; a face which she had dimly recalled through that agitating night as fixed upon her with a last and imploring look. It was now at the window. A sort of chivalrous feeling, as of a heroine, and quite new to her, determined her not to relax in the least.

"I am going away," he said, sadly, "in two or three hours."

"I am sorry for it," she answered, coldly, "and more sorry that you are taking with you such a false picture of me. Time will help you to alter it, and to do me justice at last."

"I never did you injustice," he said, warmly. "It is all your own work. Ask any of them in this place—and they are all talking of it—what they think of your cold, cruel behaviour."

"Ah! but you know I cannot ask them what they would think of you who have sent abroad calumnies about the woman whom you professed to love, and whom all the time you believed was entering on a base scheme. Tricking her sister, too! I shall never forget that."

"A word—a look would explain all. But the facts are there."

"Yes; and there they shall be, ungenerous creature that you are! But we have spoken of all this before. It was final, too."

"I have come on another matter; to give you, that is, your family, warning. That Hickey, with whom your father quarrelled, has, it seems, put his attorney relations on the track. They have made out a complete history of Doctor Findlater's life. All is to be put into Mr. Leader's hands—"

"I shall listen to no more of this," she

said, turning away, and colouring with anger. "What base, cruel injustice, and to come from you! This for ever ends it. Go, I beg of you; insult us no more!"

He bowed and walked away quickly, without a word. She looked after him long, and with a beating heart. Then turned, with a firmer and yet more heroic purpose, to go through with her sacrifice, and stand by her loved Peter to the end.

The next day our hero Peter came down to his family with quite a firm and determined air, but still full of good humour and pleasantry. "I'm getting into my generalissimo's uniform," he said, "jack-boots, gauntlets, and all the rest, for begad I'll want 'em. Wait till you see how I'll conduct this case. No one ever lifted his boot, or her balmoral, to trample on Peter Findlater. What is it Katey, my dear? Look sprightly, my girl, and make all these facets—isn't that the word for a cut jewel?—sparkle like a cut urm'd."

The Doctor meant, in his peculiar tongue, the well-known precious stone. Katey nervously told her father the news she had heard the night before, and it really made him wince.

"The hounds on my track, dear! Well let 'em come on, and make a meal of Peter as soon as they like. I'm growing very weary and heart-scalded after all this. Let their fangs meet in me. I can't go keeping them off till my old age. All I ever wanted was to give my girls an advantage, and if I had to tramp through a few dirty places long ago, it wasn't my fault. No doubt it's all true what they've got at. But I am heartsick, my pet, and you may do as you like now; give up this man or take that man, and leave me on the road. There!"

Give him up, this poor persecuted Peter, struggling so gallantly for her, for them all! Why her very heart bled for him.

"Let them say what they like, or do what they like," she said, embracing him passionately. "Oh, Peter, I'll stand by you for ever!"

Just at that moment—and it was drawing near the time when Cecil Leader's appointment was about due—a note was brought in, the Leader monogram entangled in gold and colour, "a perfect cocoon," the Doctor said. It was from Mrs. Leader, and ran:

"Mrs. Leader presents her compliments to Dr. Findlater, and would be glad to see him at the Castle, if convenient to him, on some particular business. Perhaps eleven or twelve o'clock would suit Dr. Findlater."

"No it wouldn't," said the Doctor, "and she knows why. Doesn't this look like lowering the flag to Peter, eh? Ah, wait, pet. By the poker of Lilliput, she's coming to terms!"

What this implement was no one could tell, nor indeed had the Doctor heard of it till that moment. But these metaphors flashed upon him like inspirations. However, they did wait till eleven—till a quarter past—till three quarters, his face growing darker and more vindictive. "All right," he said to himself, as it came to twelve. "I'll wait on you, my lady, and wait well!"

He was shown into the boudoir, where Mrs. Leader, when enthroned and prepared for company, fancied she left the impression of something Watteau-like—such clouds of perfumes, such clouds of lace and colour floated about this mother of all the loves. Not so was the Doctor affected. He entered with a stern, hard face, and she met him with one as hard, in which there was some triumph.

"Cecil gave me a message for you," she began, "about some appointment. He went away this morning. We obtained the leave which your friend Colonel Bouchier refused us."

Again the Doctor's face grew dark. "Oh, that's it, is it? Oh, then, that clears the ground; and all restraint may be now withdrawn."

"I hardly understand you," said the lady, coldly. "I asked you to come here this morning to talk this matter over like people of the world. I see you are very experienced, Doctor Findlater, and have learned a good deal in your various vicissitudes. I admit your force of character. Suppose we meet half way, now. Anything between the families in the way proposed, is not to be thought of, not for a second. I'll not have it, and Mr. Leader won't, and it seems Cecil won't have it now. But we have interest, and there are many ways in which something substantial could be done."

"Nothing so substantial as that, Mrs. Leader; Mr. Cecil came to us, we didn't go to him."

"Oh, are you quite sure of that? They have told us a different story."

"He picked out my Katey; I have his letter, and by the stone walls of this castle I shan't let him go. Now you've stood up to me, Mrs. Leader, take the consequences. I'll have that, and nothing else. And so you've settled—you and your privy councillor, ma'am—to buy Peter Findlater

off? Not if you'd a hatful of the diamonds of Golcorondy! It shall be done, and done in—aye—a dozen days."

"Oh, well, that puts it on a very intelligible footing," she said, rising. "Now everything is understood. Then I may tell you we've taken an opinion on the matter, and we may have to take a step you may not like. That shall be done as sure as that sun is shining up there."

"We'll see about that. But all in good time. Of course Mr. Leader approves all this?"

"Oh, he will like what I like."

"Ah, to be sure," said the Doctor, reflectively. "Heirs will be coming by-and-bye, and one son is as good as another."

She turned "pea-soup colour," the Doctor said, as he gave her this hit. "Poor Mr. Leader!" he added, with compassion.

"However, this was what I asked you to come here for—to tell you the truth as plainly as I can. If you choose to thrust your daughter on this weak boy, do so at your own peril. You'll get something worse than a pauper, for his debts alone would go far beyond the price of his commission. Further: I tell you plainly—and you must excuse me, Doctor Findlater, if I speak too plainly—that there are passages about your private history which, for your children's sake——"

The Doctor smiled pityingly. "Oh no, dear ma'am, keep that for the nurses and babies! I am quite too old for that. Take any scraps you have been picking off the dust-heaps, and welcome. No man but has got the bones of an old skeleton rattling in a tea-caddy, or woman either. Only when this marriage comes off—which, by the pashaw's own pipe, it shall—you mightn't like it to be said there was any ugly transaction connected with your family. However, that's for yourself. Now we see our way, and we'll feel all the lighter for this simplification. You won't have it. That's your ultimatum. I will. There's mine. We've everything in black and white, you see. And now I tell you this to begin with. To-day's Friday. Well, Sunday next my friend the Reverend William Webber will give out the banns. First time of asking! Ah, my dear madam, Peter Findlater was always an awkward customer to deal with. I wish you good day, madam."

CHAPTER X. THE DOCTOR WINNING.

THE Doctor posted away in great spirits, rubbing his hands, whistling, and smiling to himself. Just as he turned out of the

avenue he came full on Mr. Leader, the owner of the place, who seemed much confused.

"Ah! Good day, my dear sir," said the Doctor, "after that noble light fantastic you gave us last night. Noble, sir, absolutely palatial! By-the-way, Mrs. Leader and I have been exchanging ultimatums."

"Oh, really, Doctor Findlater," said Mr. Leader, nervously, "we can't have this at all. As the head of the family I must interfere. You know we have ascertained some stories——"

"Easy, easy now. That won't do from you; different with Mrs. Leader. I presume you don't want to fasten a quarrel. You see it's ticklish—explosive—making insinuations about character to a man's face."

"God bless me," said the other, nervously, "I never meant you, Doctor Findlater. Such a thing never crossed my——"

"D'ye think I'd ever suppose such a thing? But what's the use of you and me talking this over, as Mrs. Leader has settled it with me—put us at arm's length? She put you, sir, aside altogether. Two men could have settled it much better, and besides it seems more the usual thing. However, it comes to this, and I'll speak as plainly to you as I did to her. It's all gone too far. Their affections—at least between you and me—are engaged. I'll be no party to lacerating and tearing my own flesh and blood up by the roots. It's unnatural and cruel, and I'll not do it. And more, no lady of birth or wealth shall ever bully me into doing it. Had you and I, Mr. Leader, come together at the beginning, two men of the world, you the head of your family, and I the head of mine, we'd have compared matters readily. But as Mrs. Leader takes the command——" and the Doctor shrugged his shoulders.

"Oh, that's not the case," said Mr. Leader, pettishly. "She and I have settled it all. But, indeed, I wish it hadn't come to this."

"Who's brought it to this, then?" said the Doctor, fiercely. "Not me. Not that poor angel at home, whom your lady insulted last night before the whole room."

"Indeed, I was so sorry—a nice, charming girl. And, indeed, I don't see why——" he added, with hesitation. "But you know it can't be, Doctor Findlater. Our only son. We want to get great connexion and money. And, you see, Mrs. Leader has heard in London that we may be able to alter the settlement——"

"And cut off your own son?"

"To be sure. Punish him, by all means. At least they think we can. I should not like to take such a harsh step. I really don't know what to do. It is very hard on your daughter. He has not treated her well."

"Never mind us, Mr. Leader; I can take care of her and myself, and will too. But will you excuse a bit of advice? Take a line of your own. You're head of the house, you know; and dealing with other people, it's a little embarrassing to have the impearyum in impearyo—Mrs. Leader and her brother—setting aside what you say. But between them all they've driven me to action in self-defence, and next Sunday the Reverend Mr. Webber gives out the banns!"

Leaving Mr. Leader awe-stricken and scared by this announcement, the Doctor went on his way, first to the barracks, where he saw his friend the colonel. The latter told him, with great sympathy, how they had got a letter from the Horse Guards, and how a short leave could not be refused.

"But I can tell you where they have sent him to, Fin," said the colonel. "Not so far off either. I'll take care he's back in a month. Miss Katey, my friend, shan't lose him, though, between you and me, she's a deal too good for such a chap."

"My dear colonel, go to church next Sunday, and you'll hear Billy Webber trumpeting out, 'If any of you know of any impediment, and all the rest of it.'"

"My dear Fin, I am so glad. You're the cleverest fellow out. How did you bring them over?"

"Oh, never mind them. I take my own way, colonel. I've a good deal of the Paddy-go-easy in me, till I'm roused. What was it Bony the Great said: 'Scrape me, and you're sure to break your nails.' Had they behaved, sir, with one spar-ruck of gentlemanly feeling, I'd have met them three quarters of the way; but, as they've chosen this mean, low line of doing business, and to insult my child, may I never drink punch again if I don't force it on them; and before three weeks are out, Katey shall be married here in this town, in this parish, before their eyes, under their proud nose, in what they call their own church. There!"

"You're a wonderful fellow, Fin!" the colonel said, in admiration; "and more power to you."

The Doctor went his way again, this time down to Messrs. M'Intyre, the eminent milliners of the place, and had a long private interview with the head of the

firm. He was treated with prodigious respect, and a flutter went quite through the place as he came out. And, at last, after a good morning's work, he returned home and wrote the following letter to his future son-in-law:

MY DEAR CECIL,—You did not keep your appointment this morning, which, considering that a lady was in the case, was decidedly out of place, and ungallant, too, when we think of other relations. Now, my dear friend, I want to tell you one or two things. The Reverend William Webber gives out your banns next Sunday, please God. I must beg you will return at once, after you have done whatever business took you to your present abode. We'll expect you at six sharp to-morrow, to a noble bit of venison and good company. As you may conceive, we have a hundred and one things to talk over and plan; the time is very short. Failing your presence, I shall start myself the next day, and bear you company home. I have told Katey it was pressing business that took you off so suddenly. Girls, you know, are so sensitive about these things, and I've patched it up for you as well as I could. I told her it was to get a little present. Ingenious, eh? Relying on your presence, my dear boy,

Always yours,

PETER FINDLATER.

P.S.—The women are choosing Katey's trousseau; councils every minute; milliners going up and down; the sound of scissors ring. Billy Webber has squashed two band-boxes. You should see Katey in her orange blossoms—a divine girl.

These were wonderful days for Tilston. All was concentrated on the Findlater family. The ladies of that household lived in a sort of tumult and flutter, as if in a dream. Katey had not time to think—to reflect whither she was being hurried. She was like a soldier in a great army, swept on in the ranks, thinking only of the honour of the country—that is, of her family. Every one knew of the struggle that was going on; every one heard from Doctor Findlater that a day had been fixed for the wedding; and, if they thought such a statement was to be received with "a pinch of salt," they might come to church on Sunday and hear Billy Webber publish the banns. But where was the young man? That was the awkwardness. No; the Doctor had a letter from him only

this morning, extracts from which he read out to various persons. This document ran:

MY DEAR DOCTOR,—I shall be back to-morrow, or the day after. They insisted that I should go, and that it would do me good. I am worried in every direction; but I must beg you will not be following me about as if I was some child. If you do, I shall not return at all. I am harassed to death. Every one trying to bully me. But, of course, I shall be back to the dinner. I have not been at all well latterly, and feel queer about the head, much as I did before I entered this unlucky place. There will be tremendous work of all kinds, and you must face them all, as you have brought me into it. All I want is to have it over, and settled at once. Remember me to Katey.

Yours,

CECIL LEADER.

The Doctor did not allow his girls to see this document, but he read them some enthusiastic and affectionate messages, which it appeared to contain, with the comment, "Fine-spirited young fellow, making such a gallant stand. We must all hold by him. Mind now."

And in truth the young man appeared punctually at the dinner-party. But his demeanour was rather at variance with the Doctor's enthusiastic account. He was low, glowering, and sulky, and, besides, looked ill and strained about the eyes, symptoms which disturbed the Doctor much. However, the latter showed indomitable energy, striking in at flagging points, and never letting the ball touch the ground a second. But all eyes were now turning to the coming Sunday with speculation and eager interest, a day that bid fair to be one of the most exciting ever known in the parish.

FRONTIER TOWNS OF FRANCE.

BITCHE AND VERDUN.

THE almost impregnable fortress of Bitche is situated in a pass of the Vosges, ten leagues north of Strasbourg, and fifteen miles from Sarreguemines. The citadel stands in a valley upon a steep rock, one thousand feet above the level of the sea. The town, formerly called Kaltenhausen, nestles at the foot of the threatening cliff, near a large shallow lake, whence the Borne takes its source. The three thousand inhabitants live on the profits of the fine pot-

tery for which they are famous, construct paper snuff-boxes, or labour in the great glass works of Munsthal. The rock, vaulted and casemated, with four bastions and a half-moon battery, mounts eighty pieces of cannon, all told, may be garrisoned by one thousand men, and has a good supply of water. Though not a Gibraltar, or even an Ehrenbreitstein, Bitche is a sufficiently tough nut to crack.

In the détenus' time (1803—1814) the garrison consisted of seventeen gendarmes and one hundred veterans. "The place of tears," as the English prisoners during the old Napoleon war used to call it, for it was then the dépôt for the lees and dregs of Verdun, is ascended on one side by a zigzag footpath, on the other by a winding carriage road. Both these roads (Prussian gentlemen may feel an interest in knowing) meet at a drawbridge that communicates with an inclined plane raised upon arches, leading to a gate at the entrance to the fort, the approaches to which are swept by the fire of ten heavy guns. The entrance is by a tunnel cut through the rock, one hundred and twenty feet long, with a massive gate at each end, and one in the centre. The rock is cut through in two places as low as the ditch, one extremity being called the Grosse Tête, and the other the Petite Tête, and both are connected with the body of the fort by drawbridges. On the west side there is a mortar battery. In the centre of the fort stand two large barracks, and at the two ends are storehouses and magazines. The rock is hollowed to contain the garrison and the provisions, and is divided by compartments connected by narrow passages with massive doors. There is also a subterranean passage communicating with the town below. Although the fort is of solid rock, cut down perpendicularly ninety to one hundred and fifty feet, it is faced nearly all round with masonry. The place cost so much to fortify, that Louis the Fourteenth, when asked for more money to complete it, inquired, with a smile, if they were building it of louis-d'ors.

The English sailors confined in the great souterrain of Bitche were the terror of their guards. They were often known to mutiny, and, arming themselves with billets of wood and broken-up beds, to defy the whole garrison. On one occasion their leader, a gigantic Guernsey smuggler, said, "Don't let us attack, lads, but if the beggars draw blood from any of us, fall on them and murder them all." Whenever the gendarmes came down at eight o'clock to put out the

lights, according to order, they were pelted with hats and shoes. At last the commandant decided that the prisoners should be allowed to fight, and drink, and govern themselves. The prisoners henceforward held their own court-martials, and sentenced pilferers and other offenders to so many lashes. When they refused to put out the candles, the gendarmes trampled in the skylights, and stopped the expense out of the men's pay. Each prisoner was allowed as much firewood as he could burn; a pound of bread and half a pound of beef a day, six sous every five days, and occasionally some vegetables. In turn the prisoners had the privilege of going to the town market, accompanied by gendarmes, three times a week. The men were mustered three times a day, and counted down at night. In summer they were unlocked at six in the morning, and locked up at eight o'clock in the evening; in winter they were shut in at four in the afternoon, and unlocked at eight in the morning. The noise all day was intolerable, the men dancing on the benches, singing, and carousing. Escapes were frequent, in spite of all the precautions. In one attempt a ship's carpenter and a sailor, while cutting through a door, were bayoneted; in another, a naval lieutenant was killed by the breaking of a rope as he descended the rock.

Verdun, a French fortress of the fourth class, stands on the Meuse, where it begins to be navigable, about one hundred and fifty miles east of Paris, about one hundred and twenty west of the Rhine, thirty miles north-west of Bar-le-Duc, and forty miles from Metz. This town of ten thousand inhabitants, though partly fortified by Vauban, is not strong, for it is commanded by the adjacent hills, and the river is fordable in several places near the works. Seen from the north, Verdun rises in an amphitheatre of trees and houses, crowned by the cathedral, which towers above the citadel. From the south, the citadel, the cathedral, the bishop's palace, and the grand esplanade, called La Roche, separating the town from the fortress, form a splendid coup d'œil, and command a sweeping view over the valley of the Meuse. The river here divides into two silver ribbons, and looping round a rich meadow, reunites in the town, which is divided into five distinct sections. Verdun is surrounded by lofty hills, the sides of which are covered thick with vines, which yield a pleasant light wine. The retail price used to be only four sous a bottle, and in abundant vintages a full cask of it has

often been given for the loan of an empty one.

Verdun was a place of some consequence even at the time the Romans entered Gaul. It is famous in early French history for the treaty, called after the town, by which the vast empire of Charlemagne was divided between his three sons—Louis, who took all Germany as far as the Rhine; Charles, who ruled all Gaul south of the Scheldt, Meuse, Saône, and Rhone; and Lothaire, who kept Italy and the east of France. Verdun's earliest historian, Bertraine, who wrote in 992, considers it to have been a bishopric as early as 338, since which time to the Revolution there had been ninety-five bishops, of whom Saint Sainctain was the first, and Henri René Desnos, an emigré, who died in exile in 1793, the last. Verdun had the honour to be encompassed with walls first in 451. It then became a free imperial city, and in 953, the Emperor Otho the Third conferring on the bishop the secular title of Count and Prince of the Holy Empire, its prelates henceforward turned their croziers into sceptres. In 1255, Jean de Troyes, the fifty-eighth bishop, becoming pope, Verdun grew into a place of great importance. In 1552 Henri the Second took the place, and held it against Austria. In 1569 the citadel was built, and the place reformed in 1624. In 1648 it became definitely a portion of France. Verdun is said at one time to have had thirty-two churches, but has now only six. Several were destroyed during the Revolution, when the cathedral itself was doomed. Two towers out of the four had been already destroyed, when the nave was spared and turned into a cavalry barrack; it has since, however, been repaired, all but the towers.

The patron saint of this cathedral is supposed to have saved the city from its German besiegers in the time of Charles the Fifth. The town was all but starved, men's hearts were failing them for fear, when, as a last resource, the saint's image was brought out, with lights and incense, and respectfully placed upon the rampart over the Metz gate. Instantly, say the Verdun people, such fiery wrath darted from the statue's eyes, that the Germans turned tail, left their camp and cannon, and made off for the Rhine. When the Redcaps were pulling down the churches, during the Reign of Terror, a brave old woman, in a back street, at the risk of the guillotine, stole this sacred image, and hid it in her own house. The

fact gradually becoming known, in time crowds of devotees used to come secretly to worship, much to the profit of its preserver. When the reaction came, the saint was carried back to his niche with great rejoicing.

In 1792 the Prussians took Verdun, after a bombardment of fifteen hours, though Marceau, Lamoine, and other French leaders wished to hold out longer. It was soon evacuated after Valmy, when Kellerman beat the Germans out of France.

Verdun is famous for sweetmeats and liqueurs, and when the Prussian army and the emigrés entered France in the revolutionary war, thirteen of its most beautiful young girls were selected by the royalists to present the Duke of Brunswick with confectionery, and to strew flowers in his path. When Brunswick fell back before the Jacobins, these poor girls were dragged to Paris, and eleven of them guillotined for their treason to the nation. The other two were pardoned on account of their extreme youth, and one of these, a very handsome woman, is mentioned as still a lion by several of our détenus who were imprisoned by Napoleon at Verdun. The town, which at present boasts a bishop's palace, a cavalry barrack, military magazines, a theatre, a Protestant church, a synagogue, a communal college, and a library with fourteen thousand volumes, manufactures fine striped serges, flannels, and cotton yarn, and it is also a dépôt of tanneries.

But it was the tyrannical and cruel detention of English residents by Napoleon, when war broke out in 1803, that made Verdun at one time a place so much talked about and dreaded in England. Scarcely had our ambassador, Lord Whitworth, left Paris, than all Englishmen were arrested, from Brussels to Montpellier, from Bourdeaux to Geneva. Travellers waiting at Calais for a favourable wind were detained, others were dragged from theatres or lodging-houses. The three first dépôts were at Fontainebleau, Nîmes, and Valenciennes. In December, 1803, these three dépôts were united at Verdun, whither the prisoners were sent at their own expense, under care of gendarmes. The first batch of détenus thus ungenerously arrested numbered three hundred, and consisted of tourists of rank and fortune, and of clergymen, physicians, merchants, tradesmen, and servants. In 1805, about one hundred of them were marched off to Valenciennes, Bitche, Saarlouis, Metz, and Saarbruck, and

not marched back again to Verdun until 1807. In 1809, a détenu at Verdun computed the number of his companions in misfortune in that place at two hundred, and calculated that there were about one hundred more in the other towns and prisons of France. The number of English prisoners of war at Verdun generally amounted to about four hundred, consisting chiefly of naval officers, captains of merchant ships, a few officers of the army who had been shipwrecked on the French coast, and some passengers taken on their return from the East Indies. The common sailors were sent to Givet or Saarlouis, a few only being permitted to remain as servants to the richer détenus at Verdun. As the détenus spent at least forty thousand pounds a year at Verdun, a town which they found less dirty than Fontainebleau and less clean and comfortable than Valenciennes, Metz and other towns intrigued at Paris for the honour of entertaining the unwilling visitors.

These détenus were compelled to answer the roll-call once, and sometimes twice, a day. They had to attend at the Maison de Ville, and enter their names in the gendarmes' book. If they missed the appel they were fined half a crown. They also paid a soldier for calling daily to see that they were safe in their lodgings. At first, many of the English received permission to answer the appel only every fifth day, but in 1804 the restrictions became greater. Those who wished to shirk the morning appel (nine o'clock) paid a bribe every month to the doctor to put them on the sick-list, while for a louis-d'or a month a gendarme would write a détenu's name twice a day, and excuse him both appels. If a détenu wanted to 'visit the suburbs, or attend a picnic, he had, like a school-boy, to beg to be excused his appel. The poorer men, who neglected to pay the fines, were confined in the citadel a day or two for each offence, while the richer prisoners were kept to their houses with gendarmes quartered on them at the rate of about ten shillings a day. The general often, however, forgave the fines to those détenus who gave him presents, lent him carriages, or who lost to him freely at cards. Every Englishman wishing to be allowed to take a walk out of the town was obliged to obtain a passport from the general, which he gave up to the gendarmes when he went out. If he were not back when the gates were shut a search was made for him, and a cannon fired as a signal to the peasants to stop the runaway.

Yet, with all these restrictions, extortions, and occasional severities, most of the détenus led a gay and thoughtless life for the dreary eleven years. They had clubs and messes. The Café Caron Club was a quiet whist club; the Orange Club was notorious for its high play; the Club at the bishop's palace was famous for its weekly balls and suppers. The greedy commandant also encouraged a bank for rouge et noir, which paid him eighteen hundred a year for the permission. The détenus' races, too, were very popular at Verdun, and the annual gold cup cost eighty louis-d'ors. Few of the French families were either able or willing to show the English civility, but they met with a polite reception at the houses of M. Chardon, M. de Larminan, and M. Godart; and the Chevalier de la Lance, the Comtesse d'Astier and Madame de la Roche, were always hospitable and friendly. The most distinguished of the English families for their receptions were the Clive, Clarke, Fitzgerald, and Watson families, while Lady Cadogan was renowned for her agreeable soirées. A few of the richer détenus were allowed to have villas in the neighbourhood.

General Wirion, the rapacious governor of Verdun, was the son of a pork butcher in Picardy, and had begun life in a lawyer's office. Entering the gendarmerie, he had soon risen by his energy and shrewdness. It was said that one of his men being murdered in a disturbed district, he had shot a hundred peasants in retaliation. When the Duke de Feltre (General Clarke) superseded Berthier as minister of war, complaints reached Paris of Wirion's extortions. In 1809, Wirion was sent for to Paris, and in spite of his friend Bernadotte's interest, the emperor with regret ordered a trial. It is reported that the minister of war, on showing Wirion a list of the accusations, said, "If these things are true, my advice is that you go and shoot yourself immediately." The miserable man at once dressed himself in full uniform, went to a retired part of the Bois de Boulogne, and blew out his brains.

The next governor was Courcelles, a severe and miserly man. No exemptions were allowed by him, but he was greedier for money than Wirion had been. His rule reminded the détenus of the old story of the wounded soldier who begged that no one would disturb the sand-flies that tormented him, "for if you do," he moaned, "the next set will be twice as hungry." He shut two hundred détenus (including one hundred

and forty wild midshipmen) in the monastery of St. Vannes—now a barrack—and charged them for the privilege, as he called it. The Duke de Feltre ordering an inquiry, Courcelles threw the whole blame on one of his gendarmes, who in despair shot himself. In 1811, Courcelles was, however, broken and dismissed from the army, after a service of forty-six years. A colonel at Montmédy and a lieutenant at Saarlouis were also at the same time sent to the galleys. In Courcelles's two years, ninety-six prisoners escaped, in spite of Napoleon's cruel decree condemning every prisoner taken in the act of breaking parole to the galleys. Colonel Baron de Beauchene, an officer who had served in Spain, and had there seen our generosity to enemies, was the next who took command of the dépôt. He was just and merciful, abolished all imprisonment in the citadel, and at one blow swept away the whole infamous system of extortion, secret police, spies, and police agents.

The prisoners of war, when imprisoned in the old monastery in the citadel, led a miserable life. There were twenty-seven beds in the corridor, with two prisoners in each. Lamps were kept burning all night, "and what," says a prisoner who printed his experiences, "with the shouting, the singing, the bewailing, the smoke of the lamps, the smell of cigars, and the consequent stench of the place, it was almost unbearable. Bitche, 'the place of tears,' was with all its horrors preferable to a great degree, for my mental sufferings were greater here than at any other time or place during my captivity."

The Jew money-lenders from Strasbourg were the curse of Verdun. They haunted the gambling-rooms, and drew all the idle young players into their toils. For the first year or two no prisoner of war could be arrested for debt. It was considered that, as a prisoner was not permitted to exert himself to his own advantage, he should be prevented from acting to his own detriment. As the détenus were not allowed to prosecute their debtors, it was reasonable they should not be prosecuted by their creditors. But in 1805, Lippman, a Jew money-lender at Verdun, and a contractor for the French army, being owed forty-two thousand pounds by the government, declared he could not undertake to supply the cavalry with horses (the Austrian war was just breaking out) unless he was either paid the money or had a permission to arrest English prisoners for debt. Berthier granted

him leave; his successor, General Clarke, however, humanely renewed the former custom. In August, 1807, however, when Napoleon passed through Verdun on his return from the battle of Tilsit, the bankers and usurers of the town presented an address begging for the restoration of the power once given them by Berthier, and Napoleon again granted their request. The result was that sixteen Englishmen of family were at once confined at Saarlouis, and the prisons of Bitche, Metz, and Saarbrück were also filled. One poor fellow came to a miserable end in consequence. In 1806, a Mr. Hearne obtained leave of Talleyrand to leave Verdun and reside at Nancy. A year afterwards he got permission to drive in his curricule to Verdun to see his old friends. Unluckily, Bonaparte's decree had just then been issued, so he was seized for debt and thrown into Verdun jail, where he fell ill from vexation. His doctor went round to his creditors and expostulated, till they agreed to let him out; but at the last moment a grocer and money-lender refused to consent. Poor Hearne grew worse, and died the next day, raving mad. On examining his papers it was discovered that the sums owed him by Frenchmen far exceeded his own debts.

TALKING MACHINES.

HERR FABER'S talking machine, which has lately come over to have a palaver with the British public, is a very ingenious affair. Not that there is much actually new in it; for in this, as in other matters, there is nothing new under the sun; but it is honest in its way; it does the best it can, and it is what it professes to be.

A distinction between the honest and the deceptive in such contrivances deserves to be noted. There have been some so-called talking and singing machines, in which the talking and singing really came from human lips, under such circumstances as led the audience to believe that mechanism produced the sounds. We know very little about Roger Bacon's speaking head; but there is reason to believe that, if the machine were ever produced at all, the sounds emitted came from human lips. A famous exhibition, called the Invisible Girl, was a deception in which much ingenuity was displayed. In this machine there was a girl or lady concerned, who did the talking and singing, and who was invisible to the audience; the deception

consisted in leading the visitors to suppose that she was in a small globe suspended in mid-air. There were four upright posts, united at top by four horizontal rails, like the framework of a table. Bent wires, springing up from the posts, converged to an ornamental centre; and from these wires were suspended a hollow copper ball, with four trumpet-mouths on four sides. This was all the visitors saw. Any person wishing to propose a question, spoke it into one of the trumpet-mouths; and presently afterwards an appropriate answer came from all the four mouths. The voice was so soft that it seemed to come from a very young and diminutive being indeed—a fairy, an invisible girl. French and Italian were spoken by the voice as well as English; witty and lively remarks were made, as well as questions answered; and songs were beautifully sung in silvery tones. It was admitted on all hands to be an attractive exhibition; and as there were means of verifying the fact that the globe touched nothing whatever, except four ribbons by which it was suspended, the surprise felt was great. The facts of the case were these. One of the posts was hollow, as were two of the rails; and there were openings in the rails just opposite two of the trumpet-mouths. In an adjoining room was a lady seated at a pianoforte; a very small opening in the partition between the two rooms enabled her to see what was going on; while a concealed tube was carried from a point near the level of her ear to the hollow part of the machine, beneath the floor. Sounds, as we know, travel very easily through tubes; and thus the questioning, the answering, the singing, and the pianoforte playing, were transferred from room to room. When a spectator asked a question, speaking at one of the trumpet-mouths, the sound was reflected from the trumpet back to the opening in the horizontal rail, which opening was neither seen nor suspected by the audience; it went down the rail, under the floor, and into the adjoining apartment, where the lady heard it; and the sounds in the opposite direction were similarly conveyed. The sound became so altered in character and intensity by this process of transmission as really to seem to come from the ball; and when an answer was given to a question expressed in a whisper, the impression was very strong that the answers really came from the ball. Far less clever than this Invisible Girl was

the so-called *Anthropoglossos*, exhibited in London six or eight years ago. There was a coloured bust suspended from the ceiling of a room, with some machinery inside, which purported to produce sounds; but the speaking and the comic singing really came from an adjoining apartment, through tubes laid with very little scientific skill.

But the more interesting contrivances are those in which the sounds are really produced by a mechanism of pipes, bellows, keys, vibrating reeds, &c. Musical instruments have in some cases been played with surprising success by such means, involving the expenditure of an almost incredible amount of time, patience, and ingenuity in devising the requisite arrangements. Vaucanson's flute-player was a wonderful example of this kind. It was a life-size figure, dressed in the ordinary fashion of his day (about 1730), and standing on a pedestal; both figure and pedestal being full of delicate machinery, essential to the working of the machine. When wound up with a key, the figure played real music on a real flute. Air was projected from the mouth to the embouchure or mouth-hole of the flute; and the force of the current was varied to suit the loudness or softness of different passages, as well as the different pitch of their octaves, the opening between the lips being varied to assist in producing the desired effects. The fingers, made of some elastic material, stopped the holes in the proper order for producing the several notes. The machine was constructed to play a certain number of tunes, beyond which its powers did not extend. Soon afterwards the same clever mechanician produced his automaton flageolet-player. The flageolet had only three holes; and so diverse was the intensity of wind required to produce all the notes of a tune with such limited means, that the pressure varied from one ounce for the lowest note up to fifty-six pounds for the highest. Another of his productions was his automaton pipe and tambour-player; the figure of a shepherd, standing on a pedestal, played nearly twenty minuets and country-dances on a shepherd's pipe held in the left hand, at the same time playing on a tambour (a kind of hybrid between a tambourine and a small drum) with a stick held in the right hand. Maelzel's automaton trumpeter, exhibited about sixty years ago, was quite a triumph of ingenuity. A figure, dressed in the uniform of a trumpeter of Austrian dragoons, when wound up by a

key, played the Austrian Cavalry March, and a march and allegro by Weigl, on a trumpet, and was accompanied by an orchestra, the sounds of the trumpet being admirably produced. Then, his dress being changed to that of a French trumpeter of the Guard, the figure played the French Cavalry March, all the signals, a march by Dussek, and an allegro by Pleyel. When we consider the numerous modifications of pressure with which the lips of a trumpeter touch the small end of the trumpet, the production of such results by machinery is certainly surprising. Soon after Maelzel's time, Maillardet produced an automaton pianoforte-player. The figure of a lady, seated at a pianoforte, played no less than eighteen tunes, keeping on for an hour when once wound up; the machinery was laid open at intervals in such a way as to show that it was really mechanism that played. The white keys or natural notes were pressed with the fingers in the usual way, but the flats and sharps were produced by pressing on pedals with the feet. The inventor succeeded in making this lady more graceful in her attitude and movements than is generally the case with automata. Somewhere about 1820 there was an exhibition of two automaton flute-players in London; the two figures played eighteen duets, which must have required a vast amount of interior mechanism.

Another class of these ingenious contrivances comprises pieces of mechanism which imitate the cry of certain animals and the song of birds. This has been rather a favourite problem with clockmakers. The cathedral clock at Lyons, made by Lippius de Basle, and repaired by Nourisson in the seventeenth century, had a series of dial plates on which the time of the year, the month, the week, the day, the hour, the minute was shown. Besides these there were figures of angels, a dove, and a cock; the hours were announced by the crowing of the cock, thrice repeated, after a preliminary flapping of wings; and when this crowing was done the dove descended, and the angels came forth from a recess and played a hymn on a set of bells. We speak of this clock in the past tense, not knowing whether Lyons still possesses such a curiosity. The marvellous clock in the beautiful cathedral of Strasbourg had at one time a complication of mechanism still more elaborate; bells, arranged in a particular position, played three different tunes at three, seven, and eleven o'clock every

day; and a thanksgiving at Christmas, Easter, and Whitsuntide; when this was finished, a cock, which stood on the top of the tower, stretched out his neck, shook his comb, clapped his wings twice, and crowed twice. The bombardment may perchance have ruined the tower,* but at any rate the mazy intricacies of the clock had become unmanageable long ago. Vaucanson's duck, constructed a hundred and thirty years ago, quacked like a real duck. Among the curiosities preserved at Versailles in the time of Louis the Fourteenth was a clock made by Martinot. At the completion of every hour two cocks crowed alternately, and clapped their wings; after which two little doors opened, two figures appeared bearing two cymbals or gongs, and two sentinels beat on the cymbals with clubs. Maillardet constructed an oval box about three inches in length, from which, when the lid was opened, a tiny bird flew out, fluttered its wings, opened its bill with a tremulous motion, warbled its little song, and then shut itself down again in its nest. Those who remember the little automaton called the Swiss Nightingale, at the International Exhibition eight years ago, will be prepared to understand that Maillardet has had many imitators. Some years ago there was an exhibition in London comprising figures of a child, a monkey, a goat, and a hare. The child said "Pa" and "Ma," and the goat bleated. In other automata we may sometimes meet with a bleating sheep; and there was one in which a dog barked whenever fruit in a basket was touched by an intruder.

The machines which, with more or less success, imitate human speech, are the most difficult to construct, so many are the agencies engaged in uttering even a single word—lungs, larynx, tongue, palate, teeth, lips—so many are the inflexions and variations of tone and articulation, that the mechanician finds his ingenuity taxed to the uttermost to imitate them. The speaking doll, which gives forth its melancholy and woe-begone "Papa!" and "Mamma!" is a wonderment to all the little folks, who regret very earnestly that such dolls are too expensive to be freely purchased; but it is nevertheless a poor affair, albeit there has been much care and thought bestowed in devising the kind of vibrating reed to be used.

About ninety years ago, a pamphlet ap-

peared concerning two large brazen heads that were constructed by the Abbé Mical, to effect something in the talking way. What was really done is rather doubtful; but we are told that entire phrases were pronounced, that the sounds were "sur-humaine;" that there were two cylinders, one of which could produce determinate phrases, with proper intervals and prosody, while the other could produce all the sounds of the French language, analysed and reduced to the smallest number. There were people uncharitable enough to believe that the speaking was managed by a living person in an adjoining apartment, as in some other instances which we have mentioned; but the information is too slight to enable us to judge on this point. Kratzenstein, a few years later, made experiments on a series of tubes and vibrating reeds, which, by the aid of bellows, enabled him to produce or imitate the sounds of the vowels; but he appears to have made no attempt with the much more difficult sounds of consonants.

Wolfgang von Kempelen, inventor of the far-famed automaton chess-player, constructed a talking figure which cost him a large amount of thought, time, and inventive ingenuity. First he made experiments with tubes and vibrating reeds, which enabled him to imitate the sound of the continental "a," like our "ah;" then, with a tube and a hollow oval box hinged like the jaws, he produced the sounds of "a," "o," "ou," and an imperfect "e;" then he succeeded with the consonants "p," "m," and "l," and afterwards a few others; but there were some consonants or sounds which he never succeeded in imitating. Having combined the results of his researches, he constructed a head which contained the requisite wind-tubes and vibrating reeds, and a bust provided with some kind of bellows. Thus armed, his automaton could pronounce the words "opera," "astronomy," "Constantinople," "vous êtes mon amie," "je vous aime de tout mon cœur," "Leopoldus secundus," and "Romanum imperator semper Augustus." These words were spoken when the machine was wound up, without any player being required to press upon keys and pedals. Tubes to imitate nostrils produced "m" and "n;" a funnel and a reed changed "s" into "z," "sch," and "j;" and there were various pieces of mechanism to imitate more or less successfully the movements and action of mouth, lips, teeth, tongue, palate, glottis, lungs, &c. Altogether

* Since the above was written, it has been announced that the Strasbourg clock has really been riddled and shattered with cannon-balls.

ther, it was what the chess-player was not—really an automaton.

Professor Willis and Sir Charles Wheatstone some years ago devoted a good deal of attention to this matter: not, of course, for any exhibition purposes, but to analyse the production of vocal sounds in a scientific way. Sir Charles showed the results of his experiments at one of the meetings of the British Association. Professor Willis separated all the sounds, whether letters or exclamations, emitted in speaking, into three groups, which he called mutes, sonants, and naronants. Doctor Rush, of Philadelphia, preferred a classification into tonic monothongs, tonic diphthongs, subtonics, and aspirations. Willis, leaving consonants untried, made experiments in the mode of producing vowel sounds by mechanism. With an air chest, vibrating reeds, and cavities and tubes of different kinds, he produced a great variety of sounds. One curious result of his experiments was, that with the same apparatus, drawn out gradually in length, he could produce in succession all the vowel sounds which are heard in such English words as "see," "pet," "pay," "past," "pan," "caught," "no," "but," "book," "boot;" we find, in effect, that the lips protrude more and more as this series advances; and this supplies a noteworthy confirmation of the views held on this matter by the experimenter.

Some of the readers of this page may perhaps remember Professor Faber's automaton speaking figure, called the Euphonia, when exhibited in London. It was a draped bust with a wax face. Concealed from the visitors were sixteen keys or levers, a small pair of bellows, and numerous little bits of metal, wood, and india-rubber. When any word or sentence was spoken out, either by Faber or by one of the audience, the exhibitor mentally divided all the syllables into as many distinct sounds as they embodied; he pressed upon a particular key for each particular sound, which admitted a blast of air to a particular compartment, in which the mechanism was of the kind to produce the sound required; there were thus as many pressures as there were elementary sounds. By a modification of the movements, whispering could be produced instead of speaking.

The present exhibitor, Herr Faber, is, we believe, a nephew of the professor; and his object has been to improve upon the automaton which his relative in-

vented fourteen years ago. One good point about it is that every part of the mechanism is laid fairly open to the visitors. True, a wax head or mask is used, through the lips of which the produced sounds are really emitted; but this mask is at intervals removed, to show the movements of india-rubber lips and tongue belonging to the machine itself. The elementary sounds, by further analysis, have been brought down to fourteen, all others having been found to be really compound sounds, made up of two or more elements. A lady, seated at a kind of key-board, has fourteen keys or short levers before her; a sentence is given out, in any one of two or three languages; the lady instantly analyses the sounds, and decides which of the keys will produce each, or which combination will produce the whole of them; she then plays, somewhat in the manner of harmonium-playing, giving the proper number of pressures on the properly selected keys. Some sounds are difficult to imitate, some are imitated readily; a laugh is capitally given, and a cry is sufficiently doleful for all required purposes; a whisper and a sigh are also producible. Whether the machine can cough, sneeze, hiccup, we are not certain; but it is admitted that a singing machine, really and bonâ fide such—combining words and music as a human singer would do—still remains beyond the skill of any automaton maker.

A CITY IN WAR TIME.

WHEN glittering brigades, their flags flying and bands playing, march through crowded streets on their way to meet the enemy, the enthusiasm of the populace cannot fail to be excited, and a wild, warlike fever sends the blood coursing madly through the veins. Steady, peaceable, sober-minded individuals unthinkingly shout and howl, influenced by the surroundings, and carried away by some vague notions of glory. Do any of these pause to think of the horror and misery that mark the track of an army in the field? Do they for one moment consider the terrible scenes, the weeping and sorrow, which their demonstrations sanction? Those who shout the loudest are possibly those who remain far distant from the strife, and in fancied security from the terrors of war. But they do not calculate the chances of a fiercely contested campaign. The very regiments they now cheer

may be driven back, and they may be made to suffer the bitterness of an enemy near their homes.

During the American war, while campaigning with the Confederate army, I paid a visit to Richmond shortly after the seven days' fighting round that city. The Federal host, under McClellan, had been driven from every position, and the capital of the South freed, for the time, from the beleaguering forces that had threatened it. But at what a cost! Death and desolation disfigured the neighbouring fields, and scarcely a home escaped the general mourning for those who had fallen. On arriving at the seat of Southern government, my first business was to secure quarters of some kind. These I found in the Spottswood House, a huge pile of brown stone, built in the American fashion, with shops for the basement story. The hall through which I passed had more the appearance of a ward for convalescents than the vestibule of an hotel, for hobbling about as best they could were numerous wounded officers and men, victims of the late fights, some slowly recovering from amputations, others with arms in slings, or legs supported in list bands from their shoulders. Many there were with an empty trouser or flat pinned-up sleeve, and all had sunken, bloodless features, from which shone the restless Southern eye. Having got housed to my satisfaction, I started out on a pilgrimage, accompanied by a staff-officer who was stationed in the city.

My attention was first attracted to the handsome plate-glass stores in Mainestreet, which, prior to the late battles, had exhibited their poverty-stricken stocks-in-trade, but which now, by the murderous necessity of the times, were transformed into temporary hospitals. Rows of tenanted hospital couches ran down each side of the lengthy, roomy shops. Surgeons were actively engaged dressing the shattered limbs and maimed bodies of the crowded patients. Ladies might be seen, as in the olden time, before the counters were removed, and when the shelves were well stored, but all they could purchase now were the thanks and blessings of the wounded men, upon whom they attended with womanly devotion.

"Have you no other hospital accommodation than such as this?" I asked my companion.

"Yes," was the reply; "but Richmond is comparatively a small city, and after such fighting as we have had, at our very

threshold as you may say, the buildings erected for such purposes were found totally insufficient, and we have had to lodge the poor fellows as best we could, many in private houses, and large numbers, as you see, in these converted stores. If you like to step in I will introduce you to the head surgeon; he is a friend of mine."

We found the doctor at work in a corner of the room, beside him a case of surgical instruments, the bright steel looking frightfully significant. At the moment of our entrance he was employed writing prescriptions for the dispenser, and laying aside his memoranda-book, he at once volunteered to accompany us round the beds.

On the first couch, before which he paused, lay a fair-haired young fellow, with blue eyes, staring and bright with fever, flashing from his sunken face, a boy scarcely in his twentieth year, and from the inscription on the bed-head, I saw that he was from Alabama. Seated by his side was a lady, who had volunteered, like many others in that room, her tender care. She was engaged fanning away with a palmetto-leaf the myriads of flies which abounded in that stifling southern atmosphere. From a pan of iced water near at hand she occasionally took a sponge, and allowed the cooling stream to trickle upon the lad's swollen arm, which lay an inert and discoloured mass upon an oilsilk-covered cushion.

"This is a severe case of an Enfield rifle bullet near the shoulder," remarked the doctor. "The bone is not broken, but shattered."

As the patient heard these words he turned his gaze languidly towards the surgeon, and asked, in a faint voice:

"Will you have to take it off, doctor? It's mighty troublesome to bear with, but I'd like to keep it for another shot or two at them!"

In that long room there must have been at least forty couches. Not one of them was empty, although preparations were being made to remove one inanimate form that was now beyond the surgeon's science, or any of the kindly attentions that the nurses could offer. He must have died but very recently, for as we passed, the sheet had but just been turned over the face, and the rigid outline of the shrunken form could be traced beneath the clinging drapery—an outline the moulding of which was not perfect, for below the left thigh the covering had fallen in for want of the limb that should have supported it.

The doctor's attention was now attracted to a couch at the darkened extremity of the room. Three nurses were standing round a rapidly-sinking patient. His eyes, gradually closing, were vacant from unconsciousness, while the fingers were nervously twitching at the coverlet. One lady had placed her arm beneath the head, raising it slightly to assist the labouring of the lungs, and occasionally moistening the forehead and lips, while another bent over him and murmured in his ears those consolations which help to soften the terrors of death, and every now and then bewailing to her companions that the fixed stare and rigid countenance gave no signs of consciousness.

"How terrible is this!" I heard her say. "Cannot anything be done for this poor fellow, doctor?"

The surgeon shook his head, and then with sympathy, strengthened by hopelessness, she sank on her knees, and we left her praying by the dying man's side.

Among these forty patients might be found all manner of wounds incident to a battle-field. Almost every part of the human frame had in some way or other been maimed. There were shell wounds that had carried away a portion of the chest; legs and arms had been torn off by round and grape-shot, while the smaller but insidious bullet had found its target anywhere from head to foot. There were men raging with delirium; some babbling of their homes in the far South; others, still fancying themselves on the lately-fought fields, shouted battle cries until exhaustion silenced them, or the dose of morphia lulled them to quiet. A few who had passed the crisis and were slowly recovering, had been rejoiced by fresh bouquets of flowers presented to them by kindly women. And so it was in many other of these converted stores—a beggarly array of empty shelves, and where in peaceful times the laden counters once stood, lay the writhing, suffering victims of remorseless war.

Later in the day, we walked along Franklin-street, the West-end promenade of Richmond, and I was much impressed by the fact that more than one-half of the ladies I met were clothed in mourning of so deep a crape, that it betokened the loss of a near relation. I could not refuse my sympathy as these sombre women glided past me, silent and preoccupied, some with their faces veiled, concealing from the inquisitive the traces of their bitter sorrow,

and others with their pale features, rendered even more pallid by the black dress, chastened and softened by resignation to their bereavement.

We were slowly passing on, when my companion called my attention to an elderly lady attired in the deepest mourning, and walking between two young officers, who wore bands of crape round their left arms.

"That lady," said my friend, "was one of the most wealthy women in Richmond before this war broke out, but owing to the havoc committed on her land, and other misfortunes, her circumstances are sadly reduced. But above all other losses, she has now to mourn that of her eldest son, as good and brave a fellow as ever breathed. He got his death wound at one of the recent battles fought round the city, and the two remaining to her may, sooner or later, follow in the track of the one who has gone."

Before we had progressed much further, my companion touched my arm as we passed a beautiful girl, whose garments were of the same sombre hue, and whose golden hair and clear complexion denoted her Saxon descent.

"That young lady," he remarked, "was engaged to be married two months since, and it is said the wedding trousseau was prepared; but her lover was killed at the battle of Seven Pines, and there she is, a widow before a wife."

A short walk brought us to the cemetery, which, with the respect Americans always show to their dead, was laid out in the very perfection of landscape gardening. This tenderness of memory for the departed, which inspires the living with the desire to consecrate to those beyond this world the most beautiful of its nooks and corners, has been most fully and poetically realised in the burial-ground of Richmond. Its margin is bathed by the James River, with its cascades for ever murmuring their mournful music—a monotonous lullaby to those who will never wake on this earth; its cypress walks, its overspreading avenues, the crystal brooks that rustle softly through the miniature valleys, make it a perfect paradise of death, an Eden resting-place for those who sleep their last sleep.

And on this summer's evening we were not the only visitors who visited the silent graves. We were idle strangers sauntering in the golden hues of the setting sun, but there were others whose daily pilgrimage it was to visit the narrow homes of those who, but a few short weeks since, went forth to

the battle-field—whose daily care it was to watch the flowers they had so carefully planted over their much-loved dead. The first poor pilgrim we came upon was busily employed watering from the neighbouring brook the flowers she had newly planted, trudging patiently to and fro to fill the small mug she had brought with her. Another was carefully weeding the grass, which, despite her care, intruded on the garden that enshrined the mound where all she cared for lay, and it was ever the same tale—killed at this battle, or fallen at that battle—so many hours of glory for the dead, and an age of misery for those who survived.

I can still vividly recal the perfect anguish of one poor trembling girl, who, with head bowed down, leaned upon a simple wood rail that partitioned off a freshly-made grave. So recently had this earth been disturbed, that there had been as yet no time for decoration either of flowers or headstone; there was merely a rough board, with a brief inscription. With a hasty glance I read upon the temporary pine-plank that "Lieut. —, aged twenty-two," had died from wounds received at the battle of Frazier's Farm.

"Come away, come," whispered my friend, who, observing my head to be turned in the direction of the grave, imagined I was scrutinising the mourning figure of the woman. "Come away. I knew him! He was buried from the hospital only yesterday."

In these few words I understood the whole story. Beneath that freshly-turned mound lay her young love, and engulfed with it her young life!

Perhaps the most impressive sight I witnessed in Richmond was the service at St. Paul's Church on the first Sunday after my arrival in the Confederate capital. Here, again, I noticed the preponderance of mourners among the women, and as they passed up the aisle in their deep weeds, it seemed more like the meeting of one vast family for a funeral, than that of an ordinary Sunday congregation. There was a hushed solemnity in the movements of all—a dead quiet that denoted the crushed feelings of those who came to pray. The earnestness of the devotion was unmistakable, and when the clergyman read from the Litany the prayer:

"From lightning and tempest; from plague, pestilence, and famine; from battle and murder, and from sudden death," all present responded, and in one fervent and solemn chorus came the entreaty:

"Good Lord deliver us!"

The sermon, as might have been expected, was inspired by the condition of war in which the struggling nation was plunged, and the minister impressively called upon his hearers to prepare themselves by repentance and contrition. He alluded in feeling terms to those who had so lately fallen at the very gates, as it were, of the city, and as he swept his glance over those beneath him, as if referring to the craped throng around, he spoke of the murky wings of the angel of death that had cast their deep shadow of grief over the length and breadth of the land. Then half-suppressed and choking sobs burst forth, and heads were bent downwards to hide emotion.

I have never seen, and hope I shall never see again, such a picture of woe as that service presented. The body of the church was black and gloomy with mourning, relieved but slightly by the grey uniforms of the military; the dark bonnets of the women contrasted strangely with the bandaged heads of the men, whose pale and wan features had so lately rested on the pillows of the hospital couch. Then there was the attentive care of young girls, seeking out in the book of prayer the places in the service for the soldier whose maimed arm lay suspended across his chest; and then, again, were the spaces left among the standing throng, showing where some poor fellow with wounded or amputated leg was compelled to keep his seat. And in the solemn pauses of prayer might be heard the dull reverberation of distant cannon, the fleeting sounds of the terrible storm that had left havoc and destruction around and about the city. It had but passed for a brief period, leaving desolation in its track. The thunder-cloud of war was soon again to burst over the doomed capital.

In closing this brief paper, I will narrate one incident that cannot fail to bring before the reader yet more vividly the dire chances of the conflict to those who send forth their youth to battle for their homes. Towards the close of the murderous struggle, which for four years had mown down its victims by tens of thousands, Richmond was again threatened by an overwhelming force. Works for its protection were constructed within three miles of the outskirts of the city, and many a time, from the eastern extremity of Maine-street, have I seen the shells bursting in the air. A family with whom I was on the most intimate terms had given the

only son, a fine young fellow, hardly in his nineteenth year, to feed the thinned and exhausted ranks of the defenders. For two days I had been absent in the trenches, and on returning to my quarters to procure a change of clothing I took the opportunity of inquiring after my friends. The city reserves had just been called out, and on the doorstep of his house I found the father, rifle on shoulder, preparing to join his company. He shook me by the hand, and bade me enter.

"How is Richard?" I asked. "Have you any news of him?"

Without a word my friend crossed the hall and threw open the dining-room door. The shutters were closed, and but one solitary gleam of sunlight pierced the gloom. Advancing to the table, the old man partially raised the sheet that covered it, and in a broken whisper simply said:

"There lies my boy, shot through the head. They have just brought him home to us!"

CARDINALS IN CONCLAVE.

THE bell of the Capitol had sounded. Pope Innocent the Tenth was dead. He had died quite alone in about his eightieth year. His sister-in-law Donna Olimpia, and her niece, the Princess of Romano, for whom the weak old man had made sale of everything during his pontificate, from the red hat of the cardinal down to the office of spy of the police, and even to the sentences of the courts of justice, left him to his fate as soon as they found that no soups or essences, none of the cunningly devised liquids on which he had existed since he had been unable to take solid food, would continue to keep him alive.

Donna Olimpia, indeed, took to her bed as a means of avoiding further trouble about a moribund pope, and gave out that she was too ill to nurse him any longer. Both ladies, however, took care to have his palace sacked before the breath was out of his body, and Donna Olimpia surrounded her own house in the Piazza Navona with six hundred soldiers, to preserve all old and recent spoils safe during the critical period of papal interregnum, when the populace were more riotous than usual, and until a new pope should be elected in conclave.

If, however, the populace did not besiege her palace and relieve her of her ill-gotten gains, it was not the fault of Pasquin. Each morning the headless little marble

figure was covered with pasquinades of bitter and terrible force, directed against Olimpia and the wealth she had amassed by her extortionate abuse of her influence on the late pope. Olimpia, however, replied, that public report did her injustice; that she was in reality poor, frightfully poor, so poor that she was unable to pay for the funeral expenses of the dead Innocent. Who would have buried the old man nobody can tell, had not a friend of early days, a poor canon whom Innocent had ill-treated on his advent to power, taken on him the charge of the funeral, which was of the meanest. No torches or wax-tapers, only two tallow candles, lit up the wrinkled and painted face of the papal corpse as it lay in mockery of state beneath the dome of St. Peter's.

The day after the pope's interment, January 18th, 1655, the cardinals met according to custom in conclave in the Vatican. There were sixty-nine of them. Unhappy men! their fate created much commiseration among some of the ambassadors and envoys of the European princes, who, according to rule, visited their cells on the day on which they were to be shut up, to see that all was arranged in due order, and the conclave established according to rule. Sixty-nine cardinals, accustomed, most of them, to fare sumptuously, and to live in vast palaces adorned with the finest productions of ancient and modern art, to what a wretched sojourn had they to submit till it should please Divine Inspiration to be merciful to them, and enable their sacred college to combine in the election of a new pope! Two cells, one for himself and one for his two attendants, were allotted to each cardinal; and there they must live, and sleep, and eat their meals, which have to be sent through the little wicket at the gate, till the close of the conclave. The present conclave, however, was a fortunate one for the poor cardinals in one respect. It had among its members many excellent players at picquet, and two or three ecclesiastics of a very humorous spirit, who aided considerably to enliven the monotony of its confinement, which proved in this instance a long one. The maddest wag of them all was Maidalchini, who, however, laboured under this disadvantage, that he was obliged to shut himself up every day for a considerable time to paint his face and make his toilette, in order to hide the ravages which disease and debauchery had made in his appearance. Maidalchini,

one night during the conclave, lost fifty doubloons at play to a kindred spirit, Cardinal Medici, when Medici said he would let his eminence off if he would dress himself up and go and announce, as by vision, to poor old lame Cardinal Caraffa, that he should be pope. The joke seemed too good a one not to be put in practice, so Maidalchini wrapped himself up in a white sheet, put on a false beard and wig, pinned two sheets of paper on to his shoulders for wings, borrowed a pair of green spectacles from Cardinal Triulzi, and made for himself a golden aureole, by the aid of some gilt paper and a saucepan, which he put upon his head. After having completed this disguise, he took two wax candles, one in each hand, and got in by a secret passage to the side of Caraffa's bed. Poor old Caraffa had the gout, and was not asleep when he saw the phantom arrive; he understood the pleasantry immediately—perhaps, indeed, he had been forewarned—so he seized his crutch silently, and as soon as the spectre was near enough, laid on lustily, crying out: "Incorrigible joker, it is thou, is it? Take that, and that, and laugh again." Maidalchini did not wait longer than he could help by Caraffa's bedside, but blew out his candles and ran off, leaving the door open, from which latter circumstance the joke had a more serious ending than was anticipated; for poor Caraffa was too much troubled with gout to get up and shut the door, and the draught gave the gouty old man such a cold that he died shortly afterwards.

Maidalchini, indeed, seems, according to faithful report, to have provided the greatest part of what fun there was going in three or four conclaves. During this conclave, he, with some others, gummed together the pages of the breviary of Cardinal Lugo, who, however, was not sorry for an excuse to get rid of the trouble of reading it. He put, too, some powder made from the euphorbium plant in the missal of Cardinal Filomarini, just before he had to say high mass for the conclave; and Filomarini was seized with such a fit of sneezing that he had to stop short in the middle of service, and could not go on.

It was not in this, but in another conclave that Maidalchini had a furious dispute with Cardinal Colonna, in which they nearly came to blows. Colonna went to visit Maidalchini in his cell. Maidalchini, who thought Colonna a bore, had told his servant always to say he was asleep, that

is, "not at home" for Colonna. It happened at this time, when Colonna called, that Maidalchini was in his inner cell, talking with another cardinal. Colonna heard him, and cried out in a rage to the servant, "Tell your master he is a block-head and ill bred." Maidalchini heard him, rushed out in a passion, and said, "It is you who are a blockhead and ill bred; for my part, I have never had in my family any relatives who have died by the rope, feet in the air, like the Colonnas."

They were about to come to blows, when Cardinal Albizzi and others came up and separated them, and Albizzi cried out, "Maidalchini is right. Why should Colonna try to ride the high horse, and apply his 'blockheads and ill-breds' to fellows who are merely rascals and knaves?"

Albizzi was the caustic spirit of various conclaves, and his bon-mots were always repeated. Unfortunately, however, they smack generally too much of the conclave atmosphere to bear transplanting.

The last pope before Clement the Ninth (Rospigliosi) was Alexander the Seventh (Chigi), who came pope out of the conclave which met, as we have said, after Innocent the Tenth had been laid out in state with the help of two tallow candles, and of whom Alexander Pasquin said the sum total of his pontificate consisted in doing "very great things for himself, great things for his family, bad things for the sovereigns of Europe, very bad things for the cardinals, and nothing for God." Albizzi, in fact, was but Pasquin inside the conclave.

In the conclave which met to elect this Alexander the Seventh, Albizzi was more than usually brilliant. One of his mots deserves record: when Cardinal Spada said that he must vote in such and such a way, since he had a debt of gratitude to pay, "I presume it is a gambling debt, then," said Albizzi. Spada had the reputation of paying only gambling debts, and not always these.

There were a good many cardinals to whom this election was no laughing matter, and it was none certainly to Donna Olimpia, who was busy working the conclave to the best of her power from without, and making secret promises of all sorts, and giving secret bribes in ready money, to get a pope elected to her choice; but with little effect, for the cardinal she strained all her resources to keep out was Chigi, and Chigi was elected. In this conclave of sixty-nine cardinals there were, indeed, twenty-six who were recognised as passable, that is, possible popes; but not

one of them but was, for some reason or other, considered by some great authority as impossible. France and Spain fought desperately in this conclave against each other, by the aid of bribes and promises, in order to get a pope to their liking; and neither would accept as pope a cardinal known to be devoted to its rival. The Grand Duke had his agents in the conclave, the Emperor of Germany had his, and each was determined on keeping out a different set of candidates; Modena pulled one way, Parma another; one cardinal could not be elected because he had a sister-in-law of whom all were afraid; and all the cardinals had had enough of Donna Olimpia in the way of sisters-in-law. This man was too poor, that man was too ill; this man was too well, that man was too dissolute, and that man was too devout, troppo santone, too much of a saint. Barberini would not hear of one, and Medici would not hear of another.

The delay and difficulties of the conclave excited the humorous fancies of some peasants at Arquato, near Ascoli. They dressed themselves up as cardinals, and held a mock conclave, in which they chose an unfortunate shepherd for pope, who began his mock pontificate by abolishing the tax on grinding corn at the mill, and fixed the price of salt at a giulio for ten pounds. Taxes had, indeed, been laid very heavily on the Roman poor of late, and bread and salt had been forced up to starvation prices to enable the popes to lavish away millions on insatiable nephews and nieces, and sisters-in-law, and parasites of all descriptions; so the poor shepherd was not a bad legislator according to his lights of political economy, though his amateur legislation cost him dear, for the Inquisition laid hands upon him and put him in prison, where he died in less than three days of a very speedy natural death.

However, after nearly four months of one of the most entangled and confused of all papal elections, the conclave did, like all human things, come to an end at last. The game of the conclave is on such occasions a game of patience; the parties try to tire each other out, for which purpose, doubtless, one of the best lines of conduct you can adopt is, to try and prove to your adversaries that you rather like conclave life than otherwise, and are ready to wait any time for them to come round. On this occasion the French cardinals, at last seeing that Medici had made terms with Chigi, out of sheer weariness, and

in despair, withdrew their opposition to Chigi, and Chigi was elected unanimously. Up to that time his opponents had always managed to secure one-third of the votes of the conclave, the necessary number to force exclusion against him. Chigi, according to strict precedent, shed abundance of tears on his election—the lachrymatory glands of the cardinals were always in good condition for this purpose—and asked the cardinals to be so kind as not to press the tiara upon him. He knew, he was so modest as to say, that he was not fit for it; however, they were inhuman enough to insist, and proceeded to adoration, as the rite is called, falling on the knees, kissing of the feet, hands, &c., while the chief of the college went to the loggia of St. Peter's, and announced in the regular Latin phrase, a "mighty joy," "*gaudium magnum*," to the people, the election of a new pope, Alexander the Seventh. He was not any worse, nor much better, than the popes immediately before and after him; they were nearly all decrepit, worn-out old men, in the hands of relatives who preyed upon them. Clement the Tenth (Altieri) was eighty when he became pope, and his faculties were so feeble that the poor old dotard promised the same offices over and over again to different persons in the conclave in order to become pope. The general motto of all the popes about this period was "*Tutto per la casa e niente per la chiesa*." "All for the house, and nought for the church."

Alexander the Seventh was only pope for about two years, when Maidalchini, Albizzi, and the rest, went into conclave again to elect another pope, and their practical and other jokes were as lively in that as in the preceding conclave: however, this time the cardinals had less need of amusement than before, for they only remained shut up together about a month. Rospigliosi (Clement the Ninth) was elected, but he, poor man, only enjoyed his papacy about two years. The tiara jumped from head to head very quickly in those days.

THE JACOBITE OF SOUTHAMPTON BUILDINGS.

EARLY in 1722 (during the period of political effervescence between the Jacobite rebellion of 1715, and the still more important one of 1745), Mr. Christopher Layer, a Tory barrister of Norfolk extraction, having chambers in Southampton-

buildings, Chancery-lane, began to make himself known among the enemies of the Hanoverian succession by his restless zeal, his untiring energy, and his unceasing activity in the cause of the Pretender, then resident in Rome.

In April, 1722, an Irish adventurer of the name of Lynch, who had been brought up in the camp, and had afterwards disgraced himself by disreputable conduct in the Canary Islands, returning to London from Flanders, met with a Dr. Murphy, an old acquaintance, who informed him of an intended Jacobite rising, enlisted him in the cause, and promised to introduce him to the gentleman who had the management of the whole affair. The interview with the mysterious man, who proved to be our friend Layer, took place at last in the pleasant month of June, at the Griffin Tavern in Holborn. Mr. Layer spoke of an intended rising, to be backed by a great many of the army, especially the Guards, expressed his rapidly conceived confidence in Lynch, and told him he wanted a man of resolution to seize a person of note, a general, or some such great man. Lynch, ready for any rascality that would bring in guineas, at once undertook the job. Two or three days after, Lynch again strolled into the Griffin, and sent a boy for Mr. Layer, who came and took a glass of wine with his new recruit. Lynch was then told that Layer had pitched upon him to seize the Earl of Cadogan, the new commander-in-chief, a step which would discourage the king's party, and he (Lynch) was to choose as many persons as he thought fit, to help him in the design. Layer also told him in a whisper, and no doubt with many furtive glances at the curtained door, that a certain great man, who wanted neither wit, courage, nor resolution, was at the centre of the plot, and at the proper time would give the order. The next interviews were at the Castle Tavern in Holborn, and at Mr. Layer's lodgings, where Layer gave Lynch several guineas to maintain him, and told him to keep a good heart, for the people were uneasy, the common soldiers were disaffected, and all was going well for King James.

One day, in July, Layer, having real or pretended business with Lord Cadogan, took Lynch with him in a coach to Lord Cadogan's house to reconnoitre the premises. The unsuspecting nobleman being out or engaged, the two conspirators examined at their leisure parts of the house, the lower

part of the garden, the court-yard, and the approaches, and decided that for resolute men the matter was feasible enough. Layer then became a little more confidential, and told Lynch that the Tower was to be surrendered by a Jacobite officer, who would mount trustworthy guards at the gates; the mob in the Mint (Southwark) was also to be armed, and would be glad to shake off their restraints.

On the 24th of August, the day Bishop Atterbury was seized in his house at Westminster and sent to the Tower for conspiring in favour of the Pretender, Layer, nothing daunted, proposed to Lynch to ride down with him on the morrow, and take the air in Essex. The next morning, on going to Southampton-buildings, Layer asked Lynch if he "mounted with furniture," meaning fire-arms. Lynch replied no, but that he had a double-barrel fowling-piece, which Layer's servant could carry if he chose. Layer then desired his fellow-plotter to go and wait for him outside Aldgate, and bring his gun loaded, for he should have that about him which he would not lose for anything in the world. At about eleven o'clock Layer met Lynch in Aldgate, and Lynch gave the servant the loaded gun to carry. On the quiet country road, with London well behind them, Layer told Lynch that he was going to see Lord North and Grey, and that he would introduce him to his lordship as a friend. At the Green Man, at Leytonstone, however, they stopped to have a steak, as Layer said dinner would be finished before they could reach Lord North and Grey's. The steak disposed of and the cloth removed, Layer spoke of the uneasiness of the nation, and of its wish to shake off the calamities and miseries it endured under the present government; and, finally, pulled a paper from his pocket, containing the sketch of a proclamation to be posted up directly Lord Cadogan (appointed commander-in-chief on the demise of the great Duke of Marlborough in the June previous) was arrested, announcing his capture, and urging the army to revolt. It offered three guineas to every horseman and sergeant, two guineas to every corporal, and one guinea to every common soldier, to be paid immediately on their coming over; and there was also a promise to all such renegades of further preferment. Layer then told Lynch he was well satisfied with him, and that he only wished he could give him the sole direction of seizing Lord Townsend, Lord Cartaret, Mr. Walpole,

and other of the ministers. Laver also spoke of the certainty of the army declaring in their favour, and proposed sending a strong guard at the proper time to secure the king from insult.

After dinner the two plotters rode on to Epping, and there Lynch was formally introduced to Lord North and Grey, who seemed at first suspicious and distrustful. The two stayed there all night, dined there the next day, and then rode home together. At a subsequent interview with Laver in London, Lynch threatened to back out of the plot unless something was soon done. Laver then said that things would be put in execution sooner than he expected, and that rather than all should fail, he himself would rise up as a second Masaniello.

In the mean time Laver had been sounding other persons besides Lynch. A Major Barnwell, whom Laver had redeemed from the Marshalsea, introduced Matthew Plunkett, an ex-sergeant of the Guards, to the plotter of Southampton-buildings. This Plunkett had five years before been useful to Laver, having got two grenadiers to turn out some bailiffs who had put an execution into the house of Laver's landlord in Great Queen-street. It was arranged by Barnwell that Plunkett should meet Laver at the Italian Coffee-house in Russell-court, "to open a correspondence for the Pretender's service." This appointment, however, the old soldier did not keep. One Sunday in July, 1722, Plunkett went to St. Andrew's Church, Holborn, to hear the famous Tory high-church preacher of divine right, Dr. Sacheverel. On his way home through Lincoln's-inn-fields, he met Laver, whom he did not remember, but who recognised and stopped him. The two men walked back towards Little Turnstile, and striking up the wall side, stepped into "a great coach-house gateway." Laver began to sound him about the Pretender, and said he wanted old soldiers to discipline the mob. On Plunkett's objecting that the Pretender was a Papist, Laver said there was no difference between a Papist and a Lutheran king; that the people were enslaved; moreover, he said, injustice was done to old soldiers, who had undergone great hardships (men like Plunkett, for instance), and that people were promoted over their heads. Then the wily Jacobite barrister mentioned the leader of the plot, Lord North and Grey, "a fine general;" and he also asked Plunkett's opinion of the Earl of Stafford, old General Primrose, and General Webb. Plun-

kett promised to bring over twenty-five old non-commissioned officers, and Laver asked where they lodged, that they might be in readiness for a call. Laver then told him the affair would have gone on sooner, but somebody had informed the French ambassador, and he had written to the regent, who discovered it to the king. The Duke of Ormond and General Dillon, he assured Plunkett, were to bring over French troops. When he parted from Plunkett he gave the old soldier half-a-crown for drink. Four or six days afterwards, Jeffreys, a non-juring minister, came to Plunkett and took him to a small tavern in Drury-lane. There they drank two pints of wine and talked hopeful treason. Another time Jeffreys took Plunkett to the Cock-and-Bottle alehouse in the Strand, and gave the sergeant half a guinea as a token from Laver, and an encouragement. Another day Laver and Plunkett went to a tavern in Drury-lane, and had two bottles of wine and some bread-and-cheese with the landlord. Laver at parting gave Plunkett a crown to list men for the Pretender. The morning Laver rode into Norfolk, Plunkett went to Southampton-buildings and found Laver's servant loading a blunderbuss. Laver promised the old sergeant a guinea by the non-juror, and said, "When I am abroad you may be sure I shall not be idle." Arms were to be also provided for Plunkett's twenty-five renegades.

Soon after that the watchful government closed in on the dangerous house in Southampton-buildings. The plot was ripe—the wasp's-nest was ready for the sulphur. Hasty steps came one bright September morning, and Counsellor Laver was seized just as he got out of his bed. The Jacobite plotter was well prepared. A pair of large pistols hung by his bedside, and between them a horseman's sabre and two swords. On the other side of the bed next the chimney there was another case of pistols, and near them another sword. In a closet there were two muskets and two musketoons, a mould for bullets, and forty loaded ball-cartridges. On the officer handling the guns, Laver cried out, "Have a care, they are loaded; don't meddle with them." The officer asked what he wanted with so many arms; Laver replied, "You must know my clerk and I are great shooters when we are in the country." When pressed about the cartridges, Laver replied, "They are proper for my use to defend the house if there should be any disturbance in the nation."

The day after the arrest Layer escaped. He was instantly pursued and taken in a lane leading to St. George's-fields. He told the man who stopped him it was only an ordinary arrest for debt, and offered forty guineas for his freedom. That failing, he then promised any sum the man liked, saying the messenger had no warrant, and he could not be kept without a warrant. When the messenger came up and seized him, Layer said that anybody in such danger as he was would have tried to escape, and that Lord Cartaret would not blame him.

Layer's treasonable papers had been left by him with a Mrs. Mason, who lodged at a Mrs. Cooke's, in Stonecutters'-yard, Little Queen-street, Lincoln's-inn-fields. He had told Mrs. Mason, a woman of dubious character, that the large parcel was worth five hundred pounds, and the lesser he said contained love-letters, which he was afraid his wife might see. Letters were left at Mrs. Cooke's for Layer, under the name of Fountaine. Among these papers was found the following plan of the intended insurrection:

At half-past eight on a certain night, to be fixed by two of the leading men, eight sergeants, each with twenty-five men, were to meet at a certain city churchyard, and at once march to the Tower gate, where an officer, already gained over, would instantly order the garrison to let them in as a reinforcement sent to the guard. As soon as they were in they were to seize the arms, and secure every one the officer gave them orders to secure, but were not to shed blood. A small guard was to be left at the Tower, and the main body was to march on the Exchange, where the great doors were to be ready open, and the general himself to be waiting to welcome them. At the same hour, also, several of the ministers were to be arrested in their houses, and brought into the City to the general. Directly the proclamation was issued, the City gates were to be shut, and cannon brought down to defend them; and guards were to be posted at every inlet of the City. The next step was to march back to a centre rendezvous under the cannon of the Tower; first sending soldiers to watch over the Bank, after drawing money enough to pay the men at the Tower.

All friends in the camp, on receipt of a certain token, were to draw out their men and march to the guns, telling the captain of the artillery that General Cadogan had sent word to double the guard, as there

was a rumour that the mob was up in the City. The party at the guns were to stand on their defence, but to make no declaration till news came of the Tower being surrendered; the chief officer was then, under pretence of securing the king's person from the insults of the mob, to head a detachment, seize the king, and send him to the general at the Tower. The Jacobite cavalry officers, on the first alarm of the revolt, were to march either to Newgate or Ludgate, on the pretence of suppressing the mob. To show they were friends, they were to give the password "this morning," on which the gates would be thrown open, and they would then ride straight to Tower-hill to join the general.

The same day four captains were to be told off for the following commands. The first at nine at night was to go to Southwark and make a bonfire in the fields. The people thus collected (and the Mint was full of desperate rascals), were to have money and arms distributed among them. Captain number one would then ferry over his men in lighters to Palace-yard, and join captain number two.

This worthy was to be in the Garden, Whitehall, exactly at nine, with a few resolute armed Jacobite gentlemen, to seize the great guns there, then to spread the declarations, and wait for number one from Southwark, or else march and join number three in St. James's Park.

Captain number three, with a few gentlemen, was to be at nine o'clock in St. James's Park, with the key of the private door out of Arlington-street. The first rendezvous was to be the little grove under the wall near the gate leading to Hyde Park. There loaded firearms were to be sent to the party. They were then to march down to the Parade by the Horse Guards, to seize the cannon and ammunition there, to issue declarations, and to wait for captains one, two, and four.

Captain number four was at nine to be in Tothill-fields, and there arm the Westminster mob; then to march to St. James's Park. The next morning, or sooner, if possible, a detachment was to march to Lincoln's-inn-fields and place cannon on the Terrace, to prevent the enemy coming in between St. James's Park and the City. A captain was also to be appointed to head the Thames watermen. He was to arrange with the duke's bargeman for a rendezvous at nine o'clock, at Greenwich, where they would seize the magazine, carry off some of the powder, and blow up the rest. They

would send a note by one of their members to the general at the Tower, and then join him there. There were also to be risings in the country at the same hour.

Last of all, the dark man of Southampton-buildings had arranged for an officer at the same fatal hour to go to Richmond and seize "Prince Prettyman" (the Prince of Wales), and bring him to Southwark, where an agent from the general would meet them with further orders. This pretty bit of mischief was headed with the French motto, "Au défaut de la force, il faut employer la ruse." With this scheme were also found ten blank receipts signed by the Pretender, and these receipts Layer acknowledged came from Sir William Ellis, the Pretender's secretary at Rome.

The parcel at Mrs. Cooke's also contained papers in cipher, the key to them, and several letters from Eustace Jones (Sir William Ellis) to James Fountaine, Esq. (Layer), "To be left at Howell's Coffee-house, in Great Wild-street, Lincoln's-inn-fields." The most important of these letters, from the Pretender's private agent, were as full of treasonable matter as a hand-grenade is full of death. The most fatal passage addressed to the mysterious man in Southampton-buildings ran thus in secret language, easily interpreted by means of the cipher-key:

"I was entirely of his opinion as to the method of carrying on the manufactory; the procuring of good workmen is the first step to be made, and if he can get such, the rest will be easy, particularly if he could gain some of the ablest of Mrs. Barbara Smith's. I know it would be very agreeable to all concerned, and particularly to Mr. Atkins."

The key to the cipher showed that "manufactory" meant rebellion, "good workmen," soldiers; "Mrs. Barbara Smith," the army, and "Mr. Atkins," the Pretender himself. In other letters, "Dillon" stood for Digby; "Burford" for Lord Orrery, who was deep in the plot; "Tanners" for Tories; "Waggs" for Whigs; "he of the North, a grey-haired ancient man," for Lord North and Grey, who was already sufficiently compromised. With these papers were also discovered lists of the officers in the regiments which had been tampered with.

Before a committee of lords of the council, Layer, who was frank enough in his confessions as long as they did not compromise any of his fellow-conspirators, confessed that in April, 1721, having private business in Venice, he went on to Rome

on purpose to have an interview with the Pretender. On his way through Antwerp, Plunkett and his fellow-traveller obtained a letter from General Dillon, directing them what steps to take in Rome to obtain the wished-for interview. A Jacobite at Rome, named Kennedy, appointed Layer to meet him and a Colonel Hays in the square before the Pretender's house at ten at night. At the appointed hour Hays and Kennedy met the London plotter, and conducted him up a convenient back stair to the Pretender. Layer had brought with him tenders of service to the Pretender from the Norfolk Jacobites, and a most important and much-wished-for list containing their names. The Pretender said to Layer: "This journey must have been very expensive to you. I believe it cannot have cost you less than five hundred pounds." Layer replied not near so much. At a second interview, the Pretender promised that the queen should permit him to kiss her hand. On a third interview, Layer was introduced to the Pretender and his wife. The Pretender almost immediately spoke to his wife in Italian, requesting her to withdraw.

Layer then said that he had nothing material to offer sufficient to have procured him such a great honour and indulgence; but if there was any service on earth he could do, he was ready. He then told the Pretender that all the Norfolk young gentlemen mentioned in the list were entirely devoted to the Pretender's interest, and that, indeed, all the gentlemen in England were the same, except those in places of profit and trust. The Pretender replied that he believed the people of England were generally well inclined to his cause, and pretty well convinced of their error; and he then spoke of the discontent occasioned by the South Sea Scheme. Layer, before taking leave, desired some token from the Pretender, by which he might obtain credit from the Pretender's adherents in England; and the Pretender and his wife then undertook, by proxy, to stand godfather and godmother to his child. On Layer's return to England, in September, he called on the Duchess of Ormond, who was to stand proxy for the Pretender's wife, and she consented to do so. Lord Orrery, the other proxy, refused to stand, so Lord North and Grey stood for the Pretender.

Layer also confessed to having heard Green, a gunsmith, talk to Lord North after dinner of five thousand muskets being ready in the City for the Westminster mob. Lord North interrupted him angrily, and said,

"Don't talk, you are a citizen, you know that there are no arms;" but the man still insisted that there were at least five hundred muskets ready. During the Atterbury trial it also came out that Lord Ormond, "the soldiers' darling," was expected over from Spain, where he was in exile, with some Irish officers, to lead the insurrection. Indeed, the ship *Phineas*, of Bristol, actually sailed in March, 1722, with arms and powder to Bilboa, to fetch the duke; but Colonel Stanhope, the English ambassador at Madrid, hearing of the plot, had an embargo laid on the vessel. A paper stolen by a government spy from the *escritoire* of a Jacobite nobleman, also proved the following additional arrangements of the conspirators.

The fire-arms concealed in London were to be distributed in Southwark, White-chapel, Wapping, Holborn, and Smithfield; barricades against cavalry were to be thrown up in all the narrow streets, especially at both ends of Fleet Bridge, Shoe-lane, Fetter-lane, Chancery-lane, and the Strand, by St. Clement's Church: the churchyard of which was to be occupied by Jacobites from Holborn. The two first stories of houses were to be lined by men, while women were to throw bricks and stones from the upper windows. Lighters, containing ammunition hidden under coals, were to be moored ready at Blackfriars and Milford-lane. All communication with Westminster, except by water, was to be cut off. Three Jacobite lords would convey a message to the Lord Mayor. Twenty-three officers of the Guards were relied on. Forty determined persons, armed with swords and pistols, were to execute all orders, and these gentlemen were to be promised seven shillings a day for man and horse. Loyer was to raise twenty thousand pounds by the Pretender's blank receipts.

Andrew Pancier, who had been captain-lieutenant of Lord Cobham's dragoons, confessed that sixteen Spanish men-of-war were to have brought over six or eight battalions of Irish foot, drilled and officered, from the coast of Galicia, and landed them either in Cornwall or at Bristol. Forty thousand stand of arms had been provided in various parts of Great Britain; and seven or eight hundred soldiers and officers were ready in London. Two hundred thousand pounds had been intrusted to Atterbury, Bishop of Rochester, and the Pretender was to have been ready to embark at Porto Longone. The Jacobites had calculated that the government had only fourteen thousand men to meet them—three thousand of these

would be wanted to guard London, three thousand for Scotland, and two thousand for the garrisons. The original design had been to take advantage of the king's departure for Hanover, and, in the words of one of the conspirators, the Jacobites were fully convinced that "they should walk King George out before Lady-day."

Among the papers of Plunkett was found the rough draft of a letter, apparently written by Plunkett to the Pretender, to announce Loyer's approaching visit. It was worded thus:

"There is one set out from Norfolk in a few days to let you know the Tanners (Tories) will stand by you on occasion. He carries the list with him. Wag and Tanner will equally concur. Our message will pin the basket. You may have daily messages of this kind—you will be courted, it is the English way." And in another letter there was this expression: "If two or three are taken off, no matter how, King George will go off by hook or by crook."

The Jacobite of Southampton-buildings was arraigned for high treason at the King's Bench, October 21, 1722. When the indictment had been read, the prisoner addressed the Lord Chief Justice, Sir John Pratt, and said:

"If your lordship will please and indulge me. My lord, I am brought here in chains: in fetters and in chains. My lord, I have been used more like an Algerine captive than a free-born Englishman. I have been dragged through the streets by the hands of the jailer, and have been made a show and spectacle of. I am now in a court of justice, before your lordship, and hope the time will come when I shall have a candid and fair trial, and not be made a sacrifice to the rage and fury of any party or the necessity of the times. My lord, I have been insulted since I came into the hall: a gentleman came and told me, 'Either you must die or the plot must die.' My lord, this is usage insufferable in a Christian nation, and I think I can lay my hand on my heart and say I have done nothing against my conscience."

Mr. Hungerford, the prisoner's counsel, said the chains were so painful to the prisoner in the Tower that he could sleep only in one posture, namely, on his back; and that even now, but for the humanity of the gentleman jailer, who held up the chains, the prisoner could not stand upright with them.

The Attorney-General, Sir Robert Raymond, said the prisoner could not complain of hard usage, as he had attempted to effect an escape.

Lord Chief Justice: Alas! if there has been an attempt to escape, there can be no pretension to complain of hardship.

Mr. Hungerford said, there was no instance of any prisoner being shackled with irons in the Tower before Mr. Layer; indeed, the irons had to be sent for from Newgate. Coke had held that no prisoner should be arraigned in chains.

No change was made at the time, but when the trial came on, on the twenty-first of November, Mr. Hungerford again desired that the prisoner's irons might be removed.

Lord Chief Justice: The irons must be taken off—we will not stir till the irons are taken off. The irons were then removed.

The prisoner's counsel made but a poor fight of it. The evidence was overwhelming. It was shown, however, that Lynch was an idle, dissolute fellow, and that Plunkett was a broken man, not to be trusted. Mrs. Mason, also, was proved to be a thief and an infamous person, and the prisoner declared that she had opened the parcel of letters, and probably introduced forged ones. Layer denied that the papers were in his own handwriting, although his clerk confessed he had written them by his master's orders. The fire-arms he had taken for bad debts, and had kept them to protect his property. Layer also tried to prove that the money he had given men was mere charity. As for Lynch, he was not likely, on so short an acquaintance, to have so soon trusted him with dangerous and important secrets. Layer contended that though there might have been a consulting and agreeing about levying a war, yet that it did not appear that the war to be levied was such a war as the law adjudged to be treason. In a word, he denied that anything done by him amounted to an overt act of treason.

Layer was found guilty, and sentenced to be hung and quartered. The prisoner begged a long day, in order to make up the accounts of Lord Londonderry, and other gentlemen with whom he had corresponded. "When this is done," he said with some dignity, "if His Majesty does not think fit graciously to continue me in this world, I will dare to die like a gentleman and a Christian, not doubting but that I shall meet with a double portion of mercy and justice in the next world, though it is denied me in this."

After many respites, the unfortunate

Jacobite was hung at Tyburn, on the 17th of May, 1723. He made a short speech on the ladder, recommending the Pretender, and delivered papers to the under-sheriff and a friend of his own present. The letter to Mr. Walter Price, under-sheriff, at his house in Castle-yard, Holborn, began thus:

"MR. SHERIFF,—I having previously resolved to employ all the time allowed me at the place of execution in devotion and making my peace with God, I have, instead of any speech I could make to the spectators on this unfortunate occasion, committed my last thoughts of all worldly affairs to writing, and have sent two authentic duplicates to two trusty friends to testify thereby to the world, in due time, and as occasion offers, the true principles of both my religion and loyalty, as well as the unparalleled hardship and injustice I have lately met with, for which I pray God forgive the author thereof, and so taking leave of this vain world, God in mercy receive my soul. Amen.

"CHRISTOPHER LAYER."

The conspirator's dismembered body was given to his wife and sister for interment, his head was carried to Newgate, and the next day fixed upon Temple Bar.

Years after, one stormy night, the rebel's skull blew down, and was picked up by a non-juring attorney, named Pierce, who preserved it as a relic of the Jacobite martyr. It is said that Dr. Richard Rawlinson, an eminent antiquary, obtained what he thought was Layer's head, and desired in his will that it should be placed in his right hand when he was buried. Another version of the story is, that a spurious skull was foisted upon Rawlinson, who died happy in the possession of the doubtful treasure.

And this is the last we hear of the unlucky Jacobite plotter of Southampton-buildings.

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[See Specimen Page on the other side.]

Let Stanley charge with spur of fire,—
With Chester charge, and Lancashire,
Full upon Scotland's central host,
Or victory and England's lost.—
Must I bid twice?—hence, varlets! fly!
Leave Marmion here alone—to die.—
They parted, and alone he lay;
Clare drew her from the sight away,
Till pain wrung forth a lowly moan,
And half he murmured,—‘Is there none,
Of all my halls have nursed,
Page, squire, or groom, one cup to bring
Of blessed water, from the spring,
To slake my dying thirst!’—

- 30 O, woman! in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
And variable as the shade
By the light quivering aspen made;
When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou!—
Scarce were the piteous accents said,
When, with the Baron's casque, the maid
To the nigh streamlet ran:
Forgot were hatred, wrongs, and fears;
The plaintive voice alone she hears,
Sees but the dying man.
She stooped her by the runnel's side,
But in abhorrence backward drew,
For, oozing from the mountain's side,
Where raged the war, a dark red tide
Was curdling in the streamlet blue.
Where shall she turn?—behold her mark
A little fountain cell,

[See Prospectus on the other side]

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From the *Lancet*, 2nd April, 1870.

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Extract of a Letter from J. LANGDON DOWN, Esq., M.D., F.C.P.,
Physician to and Lecturer on Materia Medica and Therapeutics at the London Hospital.

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